WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XI.—NO. 10. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1798. WHOLE NO. 530.

THE GLEBE HOUSE;

A TALE.

[Continued from our laſt.]

THE rumor of their intended expedition ſoon ſpread through the neighborhood, and next morning brought a Mr. Coverly to the Glebe-Houſe.

So, Madam, cried he, entering the parlour, where, was only, Mrs. Owens, I hear you are going to London;—true enough exclaimed ſhe, 'tis full time for the children and me to enjoy a little of life

Alas, madam, ſaid he, you have but an incompetent idea of enjoying life, if you think it can be done no where but in the metropolis.

Oh, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I knew you would ſide with Frank, but I have conquered him, I aſſure you, ſo you may ſay what you will—but this ſhe afforded him no opportunity of doing, as ſhe quitted the room to prepare for her departure, leaving him ſtanding at a window ſeemingly contemplating ſomething, though what it was, would probably puzzle himſelf to tell.

The entrance of Conſtantia roufed him, he took her hand, and leading her to a chair, ſat down beſide her; ſo Conſtantia, ſaid he, you are going to London—you are rejoiced, I ſuppoſe; I really dont know whether I am or not, cried ſhe.—This ſcheme of your mother's, he proceeded, has ſadly broke in upon a thouſand little plans I had formed againſt the next ſheep-ſhearing.—I propoſed having the ſweeteſt dance on the graſs plot—I had trimed up your bower in the niceſt manner—but all my flattering proſpects are blaſted—we ſhall no more walk down the dark lane. Oh, Conſtantia, you will forget every thing of this kind, when a few weeks in town.

I don't think, I ſhall, ſhe replied.——Oh, my ſweet girl, he reſumed you have ever allowed me the privilege of a friend, you will therefore excuſe the cautions I preſume to give.

In the great world, you will behold objects calculated to dazzle every ſenſe, you will there find flatterers very different from thoſe ruſtic ones that have hitherto ſurrounded you. Should your guileleſs heart be ſuſceptible of an impreſſion, ſhould—here his voice grew ſo extremely low, it was quite inarticulate.

Conſtantia, ſaid he—after a hem, of conſiderable length—come into the garden.——He drew her arm under his, and they went to the ſhady walk.—I ſhall often viſit this, he exclaimed.—I ſhall here think upon you——While I'm perhaps, forgotten.

She ſpoke not, but putting her hand into her pocket, pulled out a little green ſilk purſe ſhe had knit, and preſenting it to him, declared ſhe ſhould ever remember with gratitude his kind attentions: He received her gift with tranſport, and with an emotion he could not ſuppreſs, catching her to his boſom, cried—Oh! my lovely, my deareſt Conſtantia, could I repleniſh as often as I'd wiſh—this purſe you would not, I truſt, think of leaving the fold of theſe fond arms.

Fearing he had ſaid too much, he quitted his hold with precipitation, and ran out of the garden.

Poor Conſtantia purſued him with her eyes, while her boſom experienced ſtrange feelings. Tears involuntary trickled down her cheeks, and at that inſtant ſhe would have heard with pleaſure, that her mother meant not to have quit the Glebe.

Coverly, now in his nine and twentieth year, was tall and thin, a thinneſs cauſed by an innate and ſecret uneaſineſs;—without pretenſions to beauty, his countenance was ſtrongly marked with the reſtleſs expreſſion of ſenſibility, while the ſpirit of his dark eyes, denoted their illuminating ſoul, warm, generous and intrepid.

Finances, ſcarcely amounting to a ſupport compelled him to that obſcurity, he appeared by nature never formed for.

Though poor, pity was not all that Coverly beſtowed on diſtreſs—frequently has he taken from his table, the ſimple viands prepared for himſelf, and delivered them to the creature enfeebled by poverty and pain.

He had been about five years in the country; on his firſt coming, he ſeemed ſedulous to avoid ſociety, but the benevolent Owens, combatted his deſpondency and tempted him to become a conſtant viſitor at the Glebe.

Conſtantia, then ſcarcely more than a child, attracted his notice; in her unfolding mind, he diſcovered qualities which wanted that cultivation to yield the moſt delectable fruit, the thots' of inſtructing her in ſome of thoſe elegant accompliſhments he poſſeſſed, ſoothed his melancholy, and thoſe improvements her father had begun, received their laſt poliſh from the tuition of Coverly.

At this period his affection for her, was that of a brother, as ſhe grew up, feelings of a more tender, at leaſt a more anxious nature, occupied his breaſt; her modeſty, her artleſs innocence, her bluſhing charms, were to him irreſiſtible. He had ſeen the moſt poliſhed parts of the world, yet he never beheld her counterpart. The ſweets of domeſtic life would have been balm to his ſorrows, but theſe were ſweets he durſt not think of taſting, his narrow income rendering the maintenance of a family impoſſible.

Accurſed, cried he, with enthuſiaſtic warmth, be that man, who for ſelf gratification involves a woman he pretends to love, and perhaps a number of innocents, into the extremes of poverty; Conſtantia, thy Coverly ſhall never be guilty of ſuch villainy.

Her going to London was an unexpected ſtroke; he knew the credulity and vanity of Mrs Owens would expoſe the lovely bloſſom, to the infectious blaſts of flattery and vice.—He ſighed to point out the danger, but was acquainted with her poſitiveneſs, and feared the family might impute his caution to intereſted motives.

He continued his race, with very little abatement, from the garden to the adjoining village which was two mile from the Glebe. Here the noiſe of the people roufed him from his reverie, he feared he had uttered too much; he does juſt ſcarcely wiſh to excite a paſſion, before whoſe completion fate had thrown ſo many obſtacles. He regretted his abrupt departure, had ten thouſand things to ſay—the enſuing morning the journey was to commence.——He could not bear to paſs the few remaining hours from the Glebe.—So buying ſome ſpiced cakes, as an excuſe for his ſpeedy return, in the evening brought them to Mrs. Owens.

The buſtle of preparation was now over, the ſtage was to take them up early the next day, and he found Mrs. Crofts writing letters of recommendation.

Coverly felt peeviſh, he could not controul himſelf, and contradicted the poor parſon more than once. He wanted, to ſay a thouſand things to Conſtantia without knowing what they were. Some heavy ſhowers falling, he was debarred the pleaſures of a private walk with her. Supper was early ſerved, and at ten Mrs. Crofts roſe to depart. Coverly of courſe followed the motion. He ſaluted Mrs. Owens, ſhook Jaſper by the hand, and wiſhed him much amuſement; then turning to Conſtantia, attempted to ſpeak but found it impoſſible. He preſſed his cold lips to her's, a ſigh heaved the boſom of both;——he looked round, the reſt were too buſy talking to obſerve the emotions of love. He ſtrained her to his breaſt, ſnatched another kiſs, and was about leaving the room, when the voice of Mrs. Crofts exclaimed, "Sure Mr. Coverly you will ſee me home," detained him.

Early in the morning the ſtage coach took them up: Had duty allowed it, the worthy parſon could have wiſhed to be the guardian of his family, but that was impoſſible. He wept in ſpite of his efforts.

Mrs. Owens, now ſure of going, was alſo affected—ſhe ſhed tears, and gave old Deb. a thouſand charges to take care of her maſter.

Jaſper whiſtled, looked aſkance, ſkipped about, felt in his pocket to be certain of Horace, aſſured his father that he would be an old Trojan by the time he came back.

Conſtantia wanted power to ſpeak,—never did ſhe appear more attracting. Dreſt in a habit of dimity, her hair in its wonted luxuriance, flowing from under a ſtraw hat, lined with the paleſt ſhade of pink, which gave a faint tint to her cheeks which were this morning totally pale.

The parſon recommended a number of good books to his wife, particularly a volume of excellent ſermons; but whether from miſtake or hurry, is not certain, ſhe took the Fortunate Country-maid in its place.

There were no other paſſengers in the coach, and they wheeled off with varied emotions.

As they approached the dwelling of Coverly, Conſtantia bent forward; an unintereſted object might have viewed the proſpect with pleaſure.

The cottage, which was ſmall, but elegantly neat, ſtood on the ſummit of one of thoſe low hills which ſkirted the vale. Some clumps of trees caſt a ſhade upon the windows, and a winding path led up to the door.

The ſloping garden on the rear of the hill, was adorned with the moſt beautiful flowers, interſperſed with choice old fruit trees; on the bank of the river winding beneath, was formed a bower, conſiſting of the interwoven branches of

woodbine, part of which had crept round an old elm, on whose bark the name of Conſtantia was engraved.

As ſhe probably conjectured, Coverly was watching their appearance. He called to the man to ſtop. Conſtantia's hand reſted on the door; Coverly darted forward, ſeized it, and preſſed it to his lips, while the glittering tear ſtood in either eye---he hemmed, complained of a cold,---and put into the carriage a handkerchief of fruit, juſt pulled.

[To be continued.]

THE MURDERED SON.

A TRUE STORY.

A Lad, who lived in the neighborhood of -------, when the Britiſh army lay in its vicinity, in the beginning of the American war, left his mother, who was a poor widow, and went over to the enemy, with whom he remained during the war. By induſtry and frugality, he acquired a conſiderable ſum of money, and when peace took place between America and Britain, he returned home, with a heart replete with all the noble ſentiments which love, duty and filial affection could inſpire; intending that his aged parent, ſhould ſhare his riches, and attone for his long ſeparation, by removing her from a ſtate of want and diſtreſs, and placing her in a ſituation of eaſe and comfort.

It was evening when he arrived at the village, in which his mother lived; he called at the houſe of a former acquaintance, where he made himſelf known, informed them of his ſucceſs and intentions; as he did not deſign to make himſelf known to his mother that night, he deſired three or four young men, who were formerly his ſchool fellows, to call on him in the morning, to witneſs the joy which would take place on the diſcovery.

Agreeable to the invitation, the young men, in the morning, repaired to the place appointed, anticipating the pleaſurable ſenſations they ſhould experience on being preſent at ſo intereſting a ſcene. On their arrival, they enquired for the young man who ſlept there the preceding night; his mother anſwered, that ſhe had ſeen no young man, and that no one had lodged in her houſe, the laſt night, except herſelf. At this declaration, the young men expreſſed much ſurprize, and obſerving ſome confuſion in the old lady's looks, they related what had paſſed between them and the young man, the preceding evening; upon which, with horror and deſpair depicted in her countenance, ſhe exclaimed, "Good God! I have murdered my ſon!---my only ſon!"---She then, in diſtraction, ran to the cellar, (followed by the young men, who realized a very different ſcene, to that a few moments before experienced) and removed ſome rubbiſh expoſed the dead body of her ſon, covered with his own blood! She then opened his boſom, and found a ſcar, which convinced her that the ſtory of the young men was true, at the ſight of which ſhe beat her breaſt, tore her hair, and with incoherent exclamations, fell to the ground in a ſwoon, from which in a few minutes ſhe recovered, and gave to the young men the following relation; That her ſon came to her houſe late in the evening, and aſked for lodging; ſhe told him that ſhe was a poor widow, and had lodging for none, except her own family, and adviſed him to go to ſome other houſe: he told her that he had money, and was fearful of being robbed; that he had made choice of her houſe to put up at, as its external appearance would not excite ſuſpicion; as that part of the country was then infeſted with robbers, he did not like to travel further by night; and if ſhe would ſuffer him to ſtay he would take his lodging on the floor, and reward her generouſly for her kindneſs; ſhe at length conſented; he then took three bags of money; two of gold and one of ſilver, and throwing them into her lap, deſired her to take charge of them till morning; ſhe took the money, locked it in a trunk, and gave him the key: ſhe then prepared him a bed, and they both went to reſt. The thoughts of having ſo much money in her power, which, by diſpatching its owner, ſhe might eaſily make her own, and prompted by extreme poverty, finally fixed her in a reſolution to murder him; after ſhe was convinced that he was in a ſound ſleep, which was evinced by his ſnoring, ſhe aroſe from her bed, took a ſharp knife, went to the place where he lay, and cut his throat; ſhe then left him, ſtruggling in the agonies of death; ſhe returned in about half an hour, and perceiving he was dead, ſhe dragged his body to the cellar, and covered it as before related. She was ſoon arreſted, and committed to priſon; tried, plead guilty, condemned, and executed.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

THE POLITICAL BALANCE.

A Parody, in imitation of Freneau.

AS Jove, with attention, the empires ſurvey'd,
Diſperſed throughout his domains;
He reſolv'd, that each ſtate, ſhould diſtinctly be weigh'd
With it's mountains, and vallies and plains.

On the weſt of the globe, America laid,
The Atlantic it's borders did lave;
When mounted in ſcales, in her turn to be weigh'd,
'Twas decreed, ſhe ſhould ne'er be a ſlave.

The beam, a true ballance did conſtant maintain,
While ſuſpended aloft in the air;
On comparing the ſyſtems, Jove ſaid 'twas plain,
That no power could with her compare.

Well pleaſed ſuch order and beauty to view,
He immutably fixed her baſe;
With a charge, that no force from the old world or new,
From 'mong nations her name ſhould eraſe.

Th' European empires he bid next advance,
When France the glad ſummons obey'd;
In hopes, as ſhe had led the nations a dance,
Divine honors would to her be paid.

Indignant, th' Olympian her confidence ſaw,
Her preſumption he check'd with a frown;
Pronounc'd her at arms, with religion and law,
And hoſtile to liberty grown.

With a violent throw, ſhe was caſt on her back,
Though in bulk, of a gigantic ſize;
Her ponderous weight, the huge ſcale caus'd to crack,
While it's oppoſite flew to the ſkies.

Aſtoniſh'd to ſee the vaſt diff'rence between,
The Republic and Kingdom of old;
He concluded to ſtop the iniquitous ſcene,
Of bartering conſcience for gold.

Quoth he, this large diſtrict, now claimed by Gauls,
Shall not to them long appertain;
Their bound'ries in future ſhall be fixed by walls,
Leſt their conqueſts extend o'er the main.

Each victʼry they obtain, makes them haughty and vain,
Their thirſt for dominion is great;
Should they Britain invade, whole hoſts ſhall be ſlain,
For ſuch is the purpoſe of fate.

Jove ſaid, and his thunders terrific he hurl'd,
And the ocean's proud billows did toſs;
His light'nings he flaſh'd, on a diſſolate world,
And forbade them, the channel to croſs.

He ſaid, that if war, with the tempeſt they'd wage,
Their ſhips he ſhould quickly diſperſe;
If the elements rage, they'd preſume to engage,
He, their troops, in the deep, would immerſe.

Panic-ſtruck by this warning, they quit the purſuit,
Their enterprize ſtraight laid aſide;
Convinc'd that ſuch projects were only the fruit,
Of avarice, envy and pride.

Next Britain appear'd, to her centre convuls'd,
With factions, commotions and fears;
But ſanguine, that if her old foes were repuls'd,
She'd be able to pay her arrears.

The nation aroſe, their vaſt ills to diſcloſe,
And great was the clamor for peace;
Such a din all around, did the God ſo confound,
That he heartily wiſh'd a releaſe.

They fervently pray'd, for revival of trade,
And ſore'y they trembled with fear;
Leſt if in the balance, in due order laid,
Deficient in weight ſhe'd appear.

His ideas derang'd, Jove his compaſs threw by,
The weights he ſo often miſtook;
That his ponderous ſcales neglected did lie,
And his favorite plan he forſook.

Jove looſen'd from earth, towards the zenith did riſe,
On the wings of the wind, as he rode;
And inſtant aſcended his throne in the ſkies,
When he'd gain'd his celeſtial abode.

From the heights of Olymphus, his mandate he ſent,
To ſummon the council ſupreme;
The trump of the herald, proclaim'd as he went,
That the Gods of the ſkies muſt convene.

They forthwith obeyed the order of Jove,
And attended his pleaſure to know;
His bowels were melted with pity and love,
Towards ſuffering mortals below.

Apollo majeſtically roſe from his ſeat,
And cry'd, ye celeſtials attend
If my council's regarded, pray let me intreat
Permiſſion to earth to deſcend.

I'll enlighten their minds, I'll my talent exert,
To virtue their hearts I'll incline;
In the liberal arts, I'll make them expert,
And fair ſcience ſhall cloſe the deſign.

The glittering ſword ſhall then ceaſe to deſtroy,
When return'd to its ſcabbard again;
No innocent breaſt ſhall the ſpear e'er annoy,
After peace has reſumed her reign.

Great Jove all the while ſhall propitiouſly ſmile,
Their complaints ſhall no more rend the air;
The incenſe of praiſe, ſhall their gratitude raiſe,
And their love to the Gods ſhall declare.

His plan being approv'd, 'twas inſtantly mov'd,
In opinion unan'mous to join;
Thoſe his arguments weigh'd, metaphoric'lly ſaid
He had ſprung an invincible mine.

In ſilence each God, gave aſſent with a nod,
The wiſh'd bleſſing of peace to diffuſe;
The edict they ſeal'd, but their purpoſe conceal'd,
Leſt mortals the gift might abuſe.

For e'er the great boon ſhould be theirs to enjoy,
They muſt ſtrive divine wrath to appeaſe;
Of paſt folly repent, on Jove's mercy rely,
And ſeek by obedience to pleaſe.

Their councils to cloſe, each God now aroſe,
To depart to his own proper ſphere;
But Mercury laugh'd, and ſwore by his craft,
To the terreſtrial globe he would ſteer.

The Gods he deceiv'd, who firmly believ'd,
Heaven's ſecrets he ne'er would diſvulge;
He clandeſtinely came, the fact to proclaim,
And the news through the earth to promulge.

The conditions being known, from Jupiter's throne,
On which mankind alone can be bleſt,
Let the nations relent, ſincerely repent,
And enſure to themſelves peace and reſt.

ZENO.

CHARACTER OF A SOLDIER.

A Soldier is the huſbandman of valor; his ſword is his plough, which honor and aqua vitæ, two fiery nettled jades, are ever drawing. Every heat makes him a harveſt, and diſcontents abroad are his flowers: He is actively the State's, but paſſively, his paſſion's ſervant: He is often a deſirer of learning, which once arrived at, proves his ſtrongeſt armour: He is a defender of all points, and a true defender of the faith of woman. More wealth than makes him ſeem a handſome foe, lightly he covets notleſs is below him: He never truly wants but in much having, for then his eaſe and affluence afflict him. The word peace, though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God he beſt conſiders by his power: Hunger and cold, rank in the ſame file with him, and hold him to a man; his honor elſe, and the deſires of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater than the ſons of Anack: His religion is commonly as his cauſe is, doubtful, and that the beſt of devotion keeps beſt quarter: He ſeldom ſees grey hairs, ſome none at all; for where the ſword fails, there the fleſh gives fire: In charity he goes beyond the clergy, for he loves his greateſt enemy beſt, much drinking. He ſeems a full ſtudent, for he is a great deliver of controverſies; he argues ſharply, and carries his concluſion in his ſcabbard. In the firſt refining of mankind this was the gold, his actions are his enamel, his allay (for elſe you cannot work him perfectly) continual duties, heavy and weary marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diſeaſes: No time to argue but to execute. Line him with theſe, and link him to his ſquadron, and he appears a rich chain for princes.

SAYS Henry to his ſpouſe one morn,
Now twenty years of love are gone
With pleaſure's ſtream ſupplied:
Yes, ſhe rejoin'd, they're ſweetly paſs'd,
And O! that twenty more might laſt
With the ſame flowing tide.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1798.

The House of Assembly, on Saturday, in committee of the whole, agreed to a bill appropriating ONE MILLION TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS to be applied under the direction of the President of the United States, to the Fortification and Defence of the port of New-York; and TWO HUNDRED and TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for the purchase of Arms, building of Arsenals, mounting of cannon, &c. &c.

The amount of BURIALS in the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, for the week ending on Saturday last, collected from the best authorities, amount to 170.

A Philadelphia paper says---"The number of new cases, reported from ten o'clock on Monday morning to ten on Tuesday morning, were FIFTY-ONE. We believe this to be considerably below the real number, as the reports of several physicians could not be procured."

We received a letter from Philadelphia yesterday (Tuesday). It says, the probability is, that before the first of September, the city will be entirely depopulated: The removals already have been immense. [D. Gaz.

On Saturday last, Benjamin Sturge and Hezekiah Woodruff were killed with lightning, in an orchard at Springfield, New-Jersey---both young persons.

The America, Capt. Newell, of Boston, from the Isle of France, has arrived at New-Bedford. She had been detained by a British cruiser, but the Americans rose and retook her without bloodshed.

On Wednesday evening last, a black woman was seen to throw a child into Coenties-slip---ineffectual search was made for both. What a base instance of the prostitution of humanity.

A tradesman in the town of Birmingham complains heavily of his wife and partner, and not without reason; he forewarns all persons from trusting his wife, Ann Martin, "as she is more conformable to Richard Southall, (one of the partners) than him." This is surely carrying partnership beyond the usual bounds.

FROM A FRENCH PAPER.

"To learn the real destination of the Toulon fleet," says L'Ami des Loix "even the gold of England has been expended in vain. Letters from La Vendee state, that the English have attempted a descent near Sables. But this diversion cannot obstruct the execution of our grand project. Ending month of Priarial will disclose events as uncommon as they are important. Certain it is, that the English will be attacked on a point where they possess but few means of defence. The great preparations are as good as lost, and they will come too late."

NARROW ESCAPE.

The day before the fall of Robespier, as the driver of the covered cart was taking off his load, the gaoler insisted that he had not his complement, and that he should take another victim, who stood ready in the wicket. The driver remonstrated, insisting that he had as many as he could carry. After some dispute he prevailed; and it was agreed that the prisoner should be put back, and be the first of the next batch. He was saved by Robespeir taking his place in the cart the following day: and he now keeps a reputable shop near the Pont Neuf in Paris.

WEST INDIA GENERALS.

Since the arrival in the West Indies of Generals Liberty and Equality, who have been powerfully assisted by Generals Rigaud and Toussaint, their Brigadiers, Generals Distress, Disorder, and Carnage, have made immense ravages, General Complaint has been very loud in his denunciations against them; and General Embargo has often blocked up the ports in vain. At length General Resentment (an American by birth) has been exasperated, and threatens them with punishment. His second in command, General Starvation, has already sat down before several of the strong holds of St Domingo; and as stone walls are no obstruction to him, it is expected that he will force General Hedouville to capitulate, and put General Insurrection in requisition, unless the speedy return of General Justice or General Peace, leads the way to Generals Amity and Accommodation. In that case they may speedily expect General Supply.

The following paragraphs are copied from the Boston Centinel of the 18th inst.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

Yesterday arrived here the brig Charlotte, Capt Noble, from Liverpool. On the 11th June spoke a British frigate from Cork, the officer of which informed, that two or three days before, a general engagement had taken place, not far from Cork, between the British and Irish Royal troops, and the Irish rebels; that the action was bloody, and that the Royal troops obtained a complete victory over their opponents, 6000 of whom fell in the battle.

This news, though verbal, is intitled to attention. It will be recollected, that our last dates from Ireland was June 4, at which time it was officially announced to the British Cabinet, that a general attack was to be made on the insurgents, on that, or the succeeding day; and that the royal army was strongly reinforced. Cork is not far from the center of the action.

The round number of 6000 may be exaggerated, but the last accounts made the rebel army 15000 strong, and, probably, was augmented.

TOULON FLEET.

By capt Hopkins, arrived since our last from Leghorn, we received advices of the progress of the French armament under the command of Gen Buonaparte, which has excited some interest in the United States. Capt Hopkins informs, that on the 5th of June he saw the Toulon fleet pass Leghorn, bound up the Mediteranean; and counted about 180 sail, six of which appeared to be of the line; other persons ascertained the number to be 240, and the line of battle ships to be twelve. A few days after capt Hopkins spoke an 18 gun English cutter, which was in quest of Sir Horatio Nelson's fleet, which had been seen between Toulon and Corsica.

They have had intelligence of the equipment of the Toulon fleet, in the West Indies; and the Hughes's have buoyed up the spirits of their factious starving myrmidons, with assurances that it is bound to America.

Several French privateers were laying off Leghorn, watching the departure of neutral vessels; while coming out, several approached capt Hopkins, but observing his convoy and himself armed, sheered off. On his outward bound passage, he fell in with a French Buccaneer, but on opening his port holes and shewing his guns, the plunderers moved off.

CAUTION TO NURSES.

New London, August 12.

Last Thursday an infant of Mr Throop, being left a moment by its nurse, crawled to the hearth, and overset the teapot into its bosom, by which means it was so much scalded that it expired on Sunday.

SUICIDE.

North-Castle, August 18.

Last Wednesday morning a woman of this place, by the name of Phebe Wright, without any previous marks of insanity, with a case-knife, cut her throat. She had been married, some years since, to a man of that name, by whom she had two children, now living; but who, for a considerable time past, had left both the mother and them to shift for themselves. In this situation she lived with her father; and had discovered no tokens of a disordered mind, or any unusual concern, except some fears she expressed from a lump on her breast, which she fancied might be the cancer. On the morning on which she perpetrated this horrid deed, the family being all absent from the room, her father, who was just without the door, hearing an uncommon noise, stepped in, where he beheld her in the very act. He immediately wrenched the weapon from her hand, and supported her in his arms, where she expired almost instantaneously.

GEORGE BUCKMASTER,
BOAT BUILDER,
No. 191, Cherry-street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship, Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat shop from Water-street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every dimention, and on terms as low as any in New-York.

NB. Sweeps and Oars of all sizes. 12---6m

COURT of HYMEN.

O'ER UNION'D HEARTS the tender doves preside;
Pass gently on ye soft, ye fleeting hours,
Bless the young Bridegroom, and the blooming Bride,
'Till death's cold hand arrests the vital powers.

MARRIED

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev Mr Kuypers, Mr WILLIAM A. DAVIS, printer, to Miss ELIZABETH SANFORD, daughter of Capt John Sanford, all of this city.

MORTALITY.

BUT since to die is nature's debt,
Decreed by Heav'n's all pow'rful King,
The wise, the good, the poor, the great,
Alike must feel the fatal sting.

DIED,

On Tuesday the 14th inst. in the 19th year of his age, Mr ELIAS DESBROSSES, son of Mr James Desbrosses, of this city.

On Wednesday the 15th inst. at Hortensie, Monmouth county, (N. J.) Mr JOHN RIED, in the 21st year of his age.

On Friday evening the 17th inst. Mr WILLIAM G. WARD, aged 19 years.

On Sunday afternoon, after a tedious illness, in the 46th year of his age, Mr JAMES BINGHAM, gauger, of this city.

Same day, after a lingering and painful illness, Captain WILLIAM STEVENS, aged 52 years.

Same day, after a tedious illness, Capt J. SMITH

On Monday, after a short illness, in the bloom of life, Mr SOLOMON CARL.

Same day, suddenly, Mr CORNELIUS VANHORNE, son of Mr Augustus Van Horne.

Same evening, after a lingering illness, Mrs MARY THOMPSON, wife of Mr James Thompson, of this city.

Same evening, Mrs CRUMPTON, wife of Mr John Crumpton, of this city.

JOHN HARRISSON
Has just received and for sale at his Book Store,
no. 3 Peck-Slip,
CHAMBERS's CYCLOPÆDIA,
An elegant medium folio, in five vols. handsomely bound, with plates of the finest engraving.

ALSO,
An assortment of Gentlemen's Red Morocco
POCKET BOOKS,
And a great variety of the newest Novels, School Books, Stationary, &c.

For Publication by Subscription,
A celebrated and much admired New Novel, entitled,
THE CHILDREN OF THE ABBEY.
A Tale---in four volumes.
BY REGINA MARIA ROCHE,
Author of the Maid of the Hamlet, and Vicar of Lansdown.

The London edition sold for a dollar and a quarter, volume, making five dollars for the set, we (provided this proposal meets with sufficient patronage) will print it equally well, two volumes in one, at a dollar a volum, stitched, or a dollar and a quarter handsomely bound, making two dollars and a half for the set, half the price of the London edition. Each volume to be paid for on delivery.

Subscription papers may be found at Mr. Caritat's Circulating Library, 153 Broadway, at J. Harrisson's Book store, 3 Peck slip, and at the principal book stores in this city.

KARNS and HAZLET,
WINDSOR CHAIR MAKERS,
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and customers that they have opened a shop no. 46 Cliff-Street, where they can be supplied with all kinds of Windsor Chairs, Settees, &c. of the newest fashion and best taste, warranted good. Old chairs repaired, painted, and made like new. They likewise continue at their old shop, no. 93 John-Street Golden-Hill, where they will thankfully receive all orders, and execute them with punctuality and dispatch. 15 tf

COURT of APOLLO.

SELF ADVICE.

COMMAND thyself---no sudden answer give---
With zeal do good, for that alone you live---
To know the worth of time, remember death---
Thy life is short, and passing is thy breath.
Be sober-minded---wear a look serene---
Act before God, altho by men unseen---
Speak not in vain, nor foolishly depart
From gentle words, and purity of heart---
To truth, and charity, and peace inclin'd,
With caution censure, and condemn mankind---
Seek knowledge fair, but shun insipid mirth;
There is no time for folly while on earth---
Feed no ill-will---no sudden friendship make---
Betray no trust---no obligations break---
Whatever you neglect, to this attend,---
Pity the poor, and be the stranger's friend,
Promise with heed---weigh every action right,
And scan the conduct of each day at night---
Instructed by past failings to be wise,
Let every wish from purest fountain rise,
In talk be scarce---pursue one steady plan,
For action shows the noblest part of man.
Act with relation to a future state---
Retort no slander---render love for hate.
Devotion, friendship, and philosophy,
Shall conquer death, and thou shalt never die.
Death cannot hurt, but grant thee sweet release
From pain and trouble, to eternal peace.
Hast thou read? O vain inconstant man!
Read it once more and fault it if you can.
Now calmly lay thine hand upon thy heart,
And say, "from this I never will depart."

EPITAPH

On the late BOYLE GODFREY, the celebrated Chymist,
Written by himself.

HERE lieth to digest,
Macerate, and amalgamate,
With clay;
In balneo arena stratum
Super stratum
The residuum caput mortuum of
BOYLE GODFREY, Chymist.

A man, who in his early labors tried various processes to obtain the arcanum vitæ or secret of life; but, alchymist like, all his various projections, like mercury in the fire, evaporated in fumo.

Full 70 years was his exalted essence hermetically sealed in its terrene matrass; but the radical moisture being exhaled, the elixir vitæ spent, exsiccated to a cuticle, could no longer suspend in its vehicle, but precipitated per campanum to its original dust.

May that Light, brighter than the Bolonnian phosphorus, preserve him from the athanor cucurbit and reverberating furnace of the other world, highly deputate him from the fæces and scoriæ of this---and place him upon a crystalline orb among the elect of the FLOWERS OF BENJAMIN, never more to be saturated until the resuscitation, calcination, consummation and conflagration of all things.

ANECDOTE.

A Gentleman, desirous of exhibiting striking proofs of his exuberant imagination and pompous language, was paying a very sensible and amiable young lady some very far fetched compliments---comparing her to the sun in its meridian glory, and himself to a dim taper glimmering faintly beside it---forgetting in the mean while to show common politeness to the lady, by whose side he sat WITH HIS HAT ON---Another gentleman went up to him, and, while he lifted off his hat, said, "Sir, I will SNUFF THE DIM TAPER THAT IT MAY BURN THE BRIGHTER."

MORALIST.

"Every moral charm,
"That leads in sweet captivity the mind
"To virtue."------ THOMPSON.

THE world is like a vast sea, and mankind like a vessel sailing on its tempestuous bosom Our prudence is its sails, the sciences serve us as oars, good or bad fortune are the favorable or contrary winds, and judgment is the rudder; without this last, the vessel is tossed by every billow, and will find shipwreck in every breeze In a word, obscurity and indigence are the parents of vigilance and œconomy; vigilance and œconomy of riches and honor; pride and luxury, o fimpurity and idleness; and impurity and idleness again produce indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

But tread with cautious steps the dang'rous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round,
Truth be your guide, disdain ambition's call;
And if you fall with truth, you greatly fall.

'Tis virtue's native lustre that must shine,
The Poet can but set it in his line;
And who unmov'd with pity can behold,
A sordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold?

PROPOSALS,
By John Scoles, Engraver, no 6 Broad-street, New-York,
For publishing by Subscription,
AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING, IN MEMORY OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

CONDITIONS.

I. THE size of the Plate to be 16 by 20 inches, and to be executed in the dotted or chalk stile of engraving.

II. IT shall be printed on the best paper, and delivered in rotation to subscribers, at 2 dollars and 50 cents.

N. B. The drawing may be seen by applying at the Publisher's

PRINTS, DRAWINGS, NEEDLE WORK, &c.
Framed with elegance, and on the lowest terms.

TO LET

FROM the first of November next, a House and six acres and an half of ground, situated at Harlem Heights, near the 11 mile stone. There is on the premises a good dwelling house containing 5 rooms, small barn, stable and horse shed, and a well of excellent water at the door. The land is in good order, and will cut six loads of hay, is a very excellent stand for a public house, being on the post roads to Albany and Boston. For further particulars enquire of the subscriber on the premises.

August 13, 1798. ITHAMER HALEY.

ROBERT M'MENNOMY,

HAS removed to No 107 William-street, nearly opposite his former residence, where he has for sale
3 bales blue half thick,
1 box perfumery and cloth powders,
60 pieces green scarcenets,
1000 do farlon's black horn buttons,
Black and blue Dutch cloth, of superior quality,
London superfine cloths,
do kerfimeres, plain and figured,
Counterpains, silk shawls, coloured,
Silk galloon, black and white laces and edgings,
Holland bedbunts,
With a general assortment of DRY GOODS

By Order of the Hon. Richard Harrison, Esq. Recorder of the City of New-York.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the Creditors of John Bayler, an Insolvent Debtor, that they shew cause, if any they have, before the said Recorder, at his chambers, situate in Broadway, in the city of New-York, on the 21st day of September next, at ten o'clock in the morning, why an assignment of the said Insolvent's estate should not be made, and he discharged according to the directions of the act entitled "An act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency," passed the 21st day of March, 1788. Dated this 31st day of July, 1798.

JOHN BAYLER, Insolvent.
Alexander Anderson and others, Petitioning Creditors.
28--6w

NEW NOVELS.

For sale at J. Harrisson's Book Store, no. 3 Peck Slip,

THE NUN,
By Diderot.

The PRINCE of BRITTANY,
An Historical Novel.

CAROLINE of LITCHTFIELD.
From the French ---By THOMAS HOLCROFT.

MAURICE:
A German Tale---By Mr. SCHULTZ.

DESMOND.
By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

TRIALS OF THE HUMAN HEART.
By Mrs. ROWSON.

NETLEY ABBEY.
A Gothic Story.

EDWARD:
VARIOUS VIEWS OF HUMAN NATURE.
By the Author of Zelucco.

CASTLES OF ATHLIN AND DUNBAYNE.
A Highland Story---By ANN RADCLIFFE.

FORTUNATE DISCOVERY:
Or the History of Henry Villars.

INFIDELITY,
Or the Victims of Sentiment;

SPECIFIC LOTION,

FOR diseases of the skin, herpetical affections, and eruptions of the face, and which is so prevalent in both sexes, however malignant in their nature, or of long standing, prepared by CHARLES ANDREWS, Surgeon, late apprentice at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and house pupil under Mr Blicke for six years. Sold by appointment at Messrs Tiford and Co's, Druggists, no. 85 Maiden Lane, and at the proprietor's medicinal store, no. 208 Water street, New-York; and also at Mr Robert Stafford's druggist, no. 36 Market street, Philadelphia; in half pint bottles, with printed directions, price one dollar each

This Lotion is approved of by the most eminent of the profession, and is now offered to the public as a very valuable acquisition to medicine, being a certain specific remedy for the great variety of obstinate and virulent diseases to which mankind are subject, under the common denomination of Scorbutic, &c. also in every case where the patient is afflicted with either Inflamation, Eruptions Pimples, Blotches, Carbuncles, Black Worms, Inflamatory Ulcers, and a variety of symptoms attending an impure and diseased state of the skin. This Specific Lotion, besides being a certain cure for the above, is perfectly safe in its use, and is not injurious to the tenderest constitution, or the most delicate complexion.

Its efficacy arises from its possessing a moderate stimulating power, which excites a re-action in the stagnated vessels, relieving obstructed perspiration, and by these means eradicates the morbid and vitiated matter externally, without producing any other apparent effect, than, on its first use, causing a small degree of scurf to be thrown off.

Thus simply, speedily, and effectually, does this Lotion remove every obstruction, impurity, and disease of the skin, without producing any unpleasant symptom. The manner of applying it, is to have the face, or part affected, washed clean with water, and wiped dry with a linen cloth, then, first taking care to shake the bottle, the part affected is to be moderately washed with the Lotion night and morning.

One bottle generally affords the most surprising relief; but the quantity that may be necessary to use, must depend on the violence of the complaint, or the length of time it may have been standing.

New-York, May 5, 1798 14---tf

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY
JOHN HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-Slip.